

**UNFETTERED ANGST FROM THE TORTURED PSYCHE OF
DENNIS P. EICHHORN!**

REAL STUFF

#1

\$2⁰⁰
2.50
CANADA



**CAPTURED ON PAPER BY: BAGGE • DOUGAN • FLEENER
MOISEWITSCH • TUTTLE • WOODRING • ZINGARELLI
WITH (INEVITABLY) AN INTRODUCTION BY HARVEY PEKAR**

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

INTRODUCING DENNIS EICHHORN

STORY BY HARVEY PEKAR

ART BY JIM WOODRING

DENNIS P. EICHHORN? DENNY EICHHORN? WUTTA GUY! SAY—I COULD GO ON FOREVER ABOUT HIM. TALK ABOUT A PAL! WHEN I WAS OUT IN VICTORIA B.C. ONE TIME, GIVIN' A TALK AT A COLLEGE—WHO COMES OVER FROM SEATTLE T'SEE IT? 'RIGHT, DENNY! NEVER EVEN MET ME BEFORE AN' HE COMES ALL THAT WAY. SOLIDARITY, BROTHER, NOTHIN' BUT SOLIDARNOSC!!



LATER DENNY WENT AN' STARTED HIS OWN NEWSPAPER—THE NORTHWEST EXTRA! WONDERFUL PAPER, BUT THE PEOPLE IN WASHINGTON WOULDN'T SUPPORT IT. I WROTE FOR THE EXTRA, DENNY WAS THE BEST EDITOR I EVER WORKED FOR. SO HE KNEW I KNEW MY STUFF, SO HE LET ME WRITE ANYTHING I WANTED TO. 'COURSE I REPAID HIS CONFIDENCE WITH SOME ARTICLES THAT WILL LIVE FOREVER!!



HHEY, DENNY'S HAD A HARD LIFE. I TOL' YA HOW THE SUPPOSEDLY HIP PEOPLE OF WASHINGTON STATE LET 'IM DOWN ABOUT THE N.W. EXTRA. HE LOST THOUSANDS ON IT. THEN HE'S BEEN IN JAIL, BEEN IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THESE SEX, VIOLENCE AND DOPE SCENES, AND HAD T'SUFFER ALL THESE INDIGNITIES, LIKE ALINE KOMINSKY PUTTIN' 'IM DOWN BECAUSE HE WAS A LITTLE OVERWEIGHT. 'AY ALINE, DENNY'S LOST THIRTY POUNDS NOW! HE'S LOOKIN' TRIM, ATHLETIC. WHEN YOU GET BACK FROM FRANNICE OR WHEREVER YOU ARE AND YOU SEE 'IM, YOU'RE GONNA BE SORRY YOU WEREN'T MORE DIPLOMATIC ...PROBLY BE ASHAMED OF YERSELF.

OH, DENNIS P.—CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME?



OF COURSE, WOMAN—BUT GET UP OFF YOUR KNEES, CAWN'T YOU SEE YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME?



YEAH, THE WASHINGTON STATERS CRAPPED OUT ON DENNIS AND ME TOO, SINCE I PUT SO MUCH INTO N.W. EXTRA! QUIET AS IT'S KEPT, THE HIP-PEST NORTHWESTERNERS ARE PROBABLY FROM IDAHO, DENNY'S ORIGINAL HOME. EVEN THENNY'S AND IN LAKSA HE LITERALLY GOT SHIT ON COVERED WITH SHIT, AS YOU FIND OUT IN NOT ONE BUT TWO STORIES HERE. BUT NOT EVEN A RIVER OF SHIT CAN STOP THIS GUY—HE'S A MAN WITH A MISSION.

GRRRR!

PHEW!!

IT'S HARD WORK, BUT HE'LL MAKE IT.



DENNY GOT A WIDE VARIETY OF GIFTED ARTISTS WORKING FOR HIM HERE, THEIR WORK ALONE IS WORTH MANY TIMES THE PRICE OF THIS COMIC. LIKE CHECK OUT WHAT JIM WOODRING DOES HERE IN THIS SPECIAL "JIM WOODRING SHOWCASE" PANEL!



HEY, I'M THIRSTY!

GIMME A DRINK, BITCH!

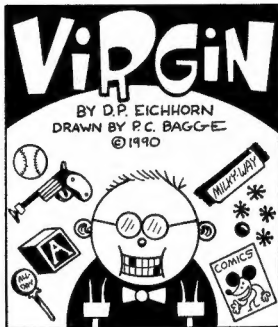
YES SIR!

WHAT CAN I TELL YA? DENNY'S A FRESH NEW FACE ON THE COMICS SCENE. HE'S GOIN' PLACES. BETTER JUMP ON THE DENNY EICHHORN BAND-WAGON NOW, OR BE CONDEMNED TO THE ASHCAN OF HISTORY.

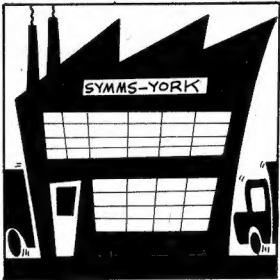
SQUARE!

FUCKIN' CRETIN!

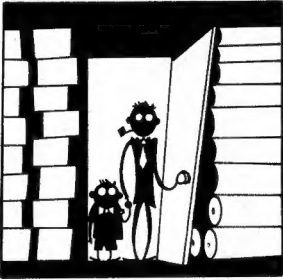




WHEN I WAS A LITTLE KID IN IDAHO MY FATHER WAS A SALESMAN FOR A PRINTING COMPANY.



ONE SUNDAY (WHEN I WAS NINE) HE TOOK ME ALONG WHILE HE STOPPED BY HIS OFFICE.



THE PLACE WAS DESERTED. I LOOKED AROUND AND FOUND A COPY OF A MAD COMIC IN THE STAFF ARTISTS' OFFICE.

WHAT WAS THIS? I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE.*



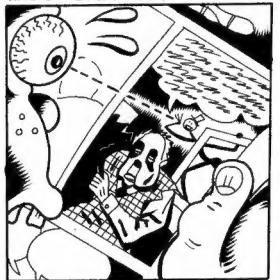
THUMBING THROUGH IT, I CAME ACROSS A PARODY OF MAGGIE + JIGGS.



I WAS FAMILIAR WITH THIS STRIP FROM THE SUNDAY PAPER, BUT THIS WAS ...DIFFERENT.

JIGGS AND MAGGIE LOOKED DISTORTED, AND THE PICTURES ON THE WALLS WERE ALIVE.

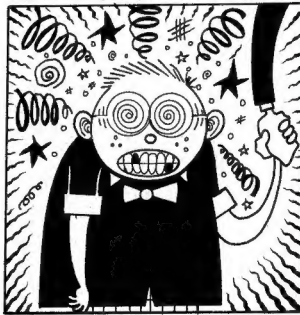
SOMETHING WAS VERY WRONG! I FELT NAUSEOUS.



I WENT TO THE MEN'S ROOM AND BARFED MY GUTS OUT.

I PUT THE COMIC BACK WHERE I'D FOUND IT.

I'VE NEVER BEEN THE SAME SINCE.



THE GREAT OUTDOORS

By Dennis P. Eichhorn-Art by H.K. Tuttle

LOOKS LIKE "CUMULUS OVERTIMUS" TO ME.

I USED TO BE A FIREFIGHTER IN THE SUMMERS. I WORKED FOR THE BUREAU OF LAND MANAGEMENT, & WAS SENT TO LARGE PROJECT FIRES IN SEVERAL WESTERN STATES.



ONE SUMMER WE WENT TO ALASKA TO FIGHT A HUGE FOREST FIRE. 200 OF US WERE SHUTTLED BY LIGHT PLANE TO THE FIRELINE.



I WAS IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN, ALL RIGHT. THE SUN NEVER SET, & IT WAS HOT & SMOKY. THERE WERE MOSQUITOES, TOO... ZILLIONS OF INCH-LONG BLOODSUCKERS THAT NEVER LET UP.



THERE WAS ASH IN THE AIR, & IT GOT INTO OUR DRINKING WATER. DRINKING IT GAVE US DIARRHEA, BUT WE HAD NO CHOICE.



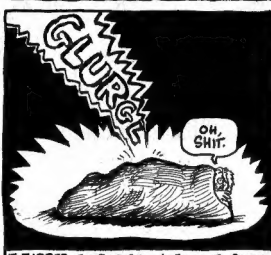
ALL WE HAD TO EAT WERE C-RATIONS. THE UNRELENTING SUN MADE IT HARD TO SLEEP. I HAD NEVER BEEN MORE MISERABLE.



FIRST, I SPRAYED MYSELF HEAVILY WITH A CAN OF OFF.



I EASED INTO MY SLEEPING BAG, FULLY CLOTHED & STILL SPRAYING.



I ZIPPED THE BAG SHUT & TRIED TO SLEEP, BUT SUDDENLY I FELT A TUG IN MY BOWELS. I HAD TO TAKE A DUMP, & QUICKLY.

I UNZIPPED THE BAG AND STARTED SPRAYING AGAIN.

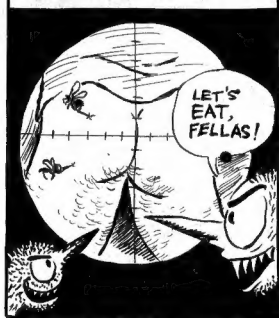


THEN I QUICK-STEPPED TO THE SLIT-TRENCH LATRINE IN THE NEARBY WOODS, KEEPING MY CHEEKS TIGHT, SPRAYING AS I SCUTTLED ALONG.



AT THE TRENCH, I UNZIPPED MY PANTS AND PULLED DOWN MY SHORTS.

THE MOSQUITOES SPIED MY MILK-WHITE BUTTOCKS AND ATTACKED IN FORCE.



I REACHED BEHIND AND SPRAYED DESPERATELY AS RUNNY, BROWN POOP GUSHED FORTH.



THEN IT HAPPENED. A SPURT OF OFF SHOT DIRECTLY UP MY BUTT. IT BURNED LIKE CRAZY.



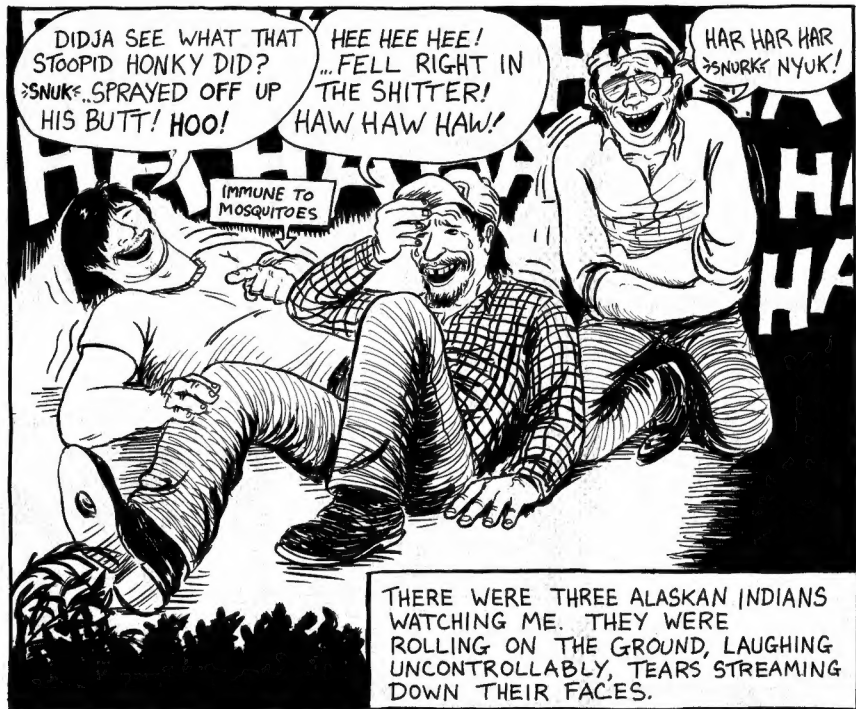
AAAAAGH!!

I SCREAMED AND JERKED FORWARD, TRIPPING INTO THE TRENCH AND UNABLE TO STOP SHITTING.



I HEARD A NOISE AND TURNED TO LOOK.





I PULLED MYSELF TOGETHER, CLEANED MYSELF OFF AS BEST I COULD, & HOBBOLED BACK TO MY BAG, SPRAYING ALL THE WAY.



I COULD STILL HEAR THE INDIANS LAUGHING AS I ZIPPED MYSELF BACK INTO MY SLEEPING BAG.

DENNIS THE SULLEN MENACE

BY DENNIS P. EICHORN AND MICHAEL DOUGAN

A FEW YEARS AGO I GOT BUSTED FOR DEALING ACID AND MARIJUANA

THE JUDGE GAVE ME THREE YEARS IN THE IDAHO STATE PENITENTIARY.

IN IDAHO, FIRST TIME OFFENDERS CAN GET OUT IN FOUR MONTHS IF THEY DON'T FUCK UP. THE OTHER CONVICTS CALLED US "120 DAY RIDERS."

THE NEW ARRIVALS WERE KEPT SEPARATE FROM THE REST OF THE PRISON POPULATION IN A CELL CALLED "THE FISHTANK." WE WERE THE FISH.

WE ATE SEPARATELY FROM THE OTHER CONVICTS. AS I STOOD IN LINE WAITING FOR MY FIRST MEAL I NOTICED A MEXICAN IN A WHITE WAITER'S JACKET WALKING TOWARD ME.



AS HE CAME ALONGSIDE ME HE WHIRLED AND STABBED THE GUY IN FRONT OF ME IN THE BACK

THE GUY FELL TO THE FLOOR SCREAMING IN PAIN. IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, HE WAS DEAD.

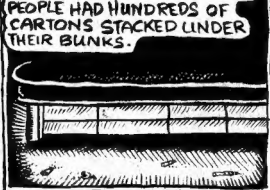
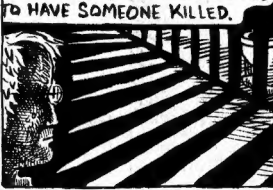
THE GUARDS TOOK US ALL TO SEPARATE CELLS AND QUESTIONED US. I KNEW ENOUGH TO SAY I HADN'T SEEN ANYTHING.



LATER I HEARD THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE THAT THE DEAD GUY WAS A SNITCH WHO WAS BEGINNING HIS SECOND STRETCH.

SOME PEOPLE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR YEARS TO GET HIM. I ALSO LEARNED THAT IT ONLY COST TWO CARTONS OF CIGARETTES TO HAVE SOMEONE KILLED.

FOLDING MONEY WASN'T ALLOWED BEHIND THE WALLS AND CIGARETTES WERE THE MEDIUM OF EXCHANGE. SOME PEOPLE HAD HUNDREDS OF CARTONS STACKED UNDER THEIR BUNKS.



AFTER 3 WEEKS, I WAS MOVED TO A MEDIUM SECURITY WORKFARM IN THE NEARBY DESERT



THE PRISONERS WERE NEARLY ALL FIRST-TIMERS, LIKE MYSELF, OR LIFERS WHO HAD BEEN LOCKED UP FOR YEARS. MOST OF THE GUARDS WERE MORMONS



EVERYONE BUT ME WAS TATTOOED. MY CELLMATE, WHO WAS DOING 30 YEARS, HAD A DEVIL'S HEAD TATTOO ON HIS INNER LEFT ELBOW.



HE HAD A THREE-CARTON A DAY SMACK HABIT. EVERY NIGHT, I'D WATCH AS HE SHOT HIMSELF UP...

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS HIT UP IN THE DEVIL'S FACE?

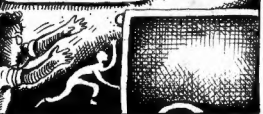
UUUH!

OVER THE YEARS, HIS TATTOO HAD BECOME...BLUISH SCAR TISSUE...



IT FEELS RIGHT...

DURING THE DAYS, I WORKED OUTSIDE. MY JOB WAS TO WALK ACROSS NEWLY-HARROWED FIELDS TOSSING ROCKS INTO A SLOW-MOVING DUMPTRUCK



THE WORK WAS INCREDIBLY BORING. TO PASS THE TIME I MADE UP SONGS AND PLAYED IMAGINARY GAMES WITH ROCKS

ALICE

BETTY

CHRISTY

DENISE

SOMETIMES I PLAYED MENTAL MONOPOLY. I FOUND THAT I COULD REMEMBER EVERY DETAIL OF THE GAME.



7...LET'S SEE...

THAT PUTS ME ON...CHANCE...

OKAY, PICK A CARD...

GO TO JAIL!

HAHAHAHA!!!
JAIL! HAHAHAHA...
DO NOT PASS GO
HAHAHA...

ONE DAY, ANOTHER CONVICT FLIPPED OUT AND TRIED TO KILL ME BY THROWING A LARGE ROCK AT ME.

IT NARROWLY MISSED MY HEAD.

WHOOOPS
HAHAHA...

I NEVER TURNED MY BACK TO HIM AFTER THAT

I KNEW WHERE HE WAS EVERY HOUR OF THE DAY. EVEN IN MY SLEEP I KNEW EXACTLY WHERE HE WAS....



NIGHTS WERE THE WORST. SOMETIMES THERE WOULD BE A RAPE OR GANG BANG. I KNEW ENOUGH TO SAY I HADN'T HEARD ANYTHING...

TAKE IT PUNK!

HUH?

HAHAHAHAHAHA

IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO DEVELOP AN AIR OF SULLEN MENACE. I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TO SAY TO ANYONE. THAT WAS NOTHING UNUSUAL. A LOT OF PEOPLE "DUMMIED UP."

NO! GET AWAY FROM ME! AAAA
AAAAUGH!

SOMETIMES AFTER DINNER I'D SIT IN THE CAFETERIA AND PLAY CHESS WITH A MURDERER FROM POCATELLO.

YOUR MOVE

ONE EVENING, A BIG PSYCHOTIC NAMED KERMIT KIBITZED OUR GAME.

KERMIT WAS A BASQUE FROM IDAHO FALLS.

HE'D RAPED AND KILLED A WOMAN AND EATEN OF HER FLESH.

THE GUARDS KEPT KERMIT HEAVILY TRANQUILIZED AND WATCHED HIM CLOSELY.

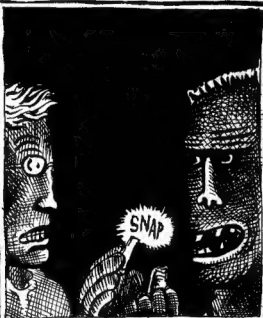
I WON THE GAME I WAS PLAYING.

PLAY ME

...ALL RIGHT

I USED THE FOOL'S CHECKMATE AND BEAT KERMIT IN FOUR MOVES.

KERMIT PICKED UP MY
QUEEN



THE GUARD BEHIND HIM
STEPPED CLOSER



THE NEXT EVENING, KERMIT
APPEARED AFTER SUPPER.
HE SILENTLY HANDED ME
THE REPAIRED QUEEN.



KERMIT HAD USED SO
MUCH EPOXY, THE CHESS-
PIECE WAS COMPLETELY
ENCASED IN A GLOB
OF CLEAR PLASTIC.



NO PROBLEM.



THERE'S A GOOD SHOW
ON T.V. TONIGHT, YOU
CAN COME AND WATCH
IT WITH US IN THE
LIFERS' LOUNGE



THE LIFERS' LOUNGE WAS A
RECREATION ROOM RESERVED
FOR THE KILLER ELITE.



TO SAY "NO THANKS"
WOULD BE A DEADLY
INSULT.

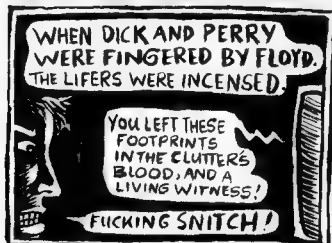
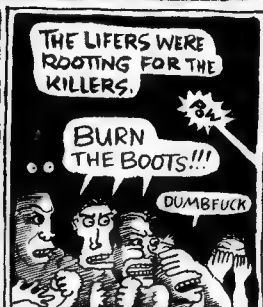
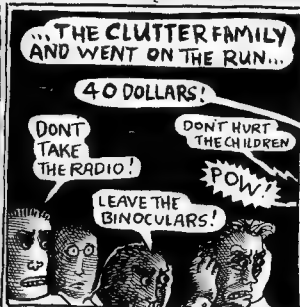
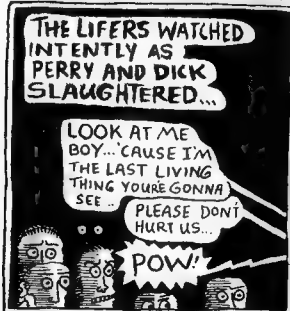


AT NINE O'CLOCK I
WENT TO THE LIFERS'
LOUNGE...



... DICKIE, IDAHO'S MOST INFAMOUS MASSMURDERER
WAS ADJUSTING THE KNOBS.





THE NEXT DAY I WAS STILL
THINKING ABOUT THE T.V. SHOW



EVEN IF YOU LET
THE CONS YOTE ON
WHO SHOULD STAY AND
WHO SHOULD GET OUT...
YOU'D FIND THAT THERE
ARE SOME HARD CASES
THAT NOBODY WANTS
TO SEE ON THE STREETS.

WHAT WOULD YOU
DO WITH THEM?

I ASKED OLD FRED, THE ROCK FIELD
GUARD, WHAT HE THOUGHT.

DOES IT DO ANY GOOD
TO LOCK MURDERERS UP?

I KNEW HE HAD BEEN A
GUARD FOR 40 YEARS

WE COULD BUILD A **SLAUGHTERHOUSE**.

... THE MEN WHO WORKED
THERE... COULD POLICE
THEMSELVES.

WE COULD GIVE THEM HATCHETS AND SHARP KNIVES
AND SEND THEM OFF TO WORK EVERY DAY....

BEFORE LONG...
THERE WOULDN'T BE BUT
ONE OR TWO LEFT...

PROBABLY SAVE THE
STATE A LOT OF
MONEY IN THE
LONG RUN...

FATAL FELLATIO

THE BLOWJOB OF DEATH CROSSED MY PATH WHILE I WAS LIVING IN MOSCOW, IDAHO
I WORKED IN A TAVERN NAMED THE BILLIARD DEN.....

ONE NIGHT I TOOK A BREAK AND WENT
DOWN THE STREET TO THE VARSITY BAR,



MY FRIEND GREENO WAS A BARTENDER
THERE.





30 SECONDS LATER IT WAS OVER AND I WAS LYING ON TOP OF A CRIPPLED STRANGER ON A REEKING MOULDY MATTRESS. THE THRILL WAS GONE.



WHILE I RECUPERATED, KATHY DRANK A BEER, SMOKED A JOINT, POPPED SOME REDS AND TOLD ME HER LIFE STORY.



WE DECIDED TO LEAVE...



AS WE DROVE ALONG, KATHY UNZIPPED MY PANTS AND BEGAN TO SUCK MY COCK.....



GREENO WAS RIGHT! IT WAS THE BEST BLOWJOB I'D EVER HAD



THEN KATHY WENT DOWN ON ME AGAIN HER FINGERS WERE LIKE CRUEL TENTACLES GRASPING MY BALLS AND PARALYZING ME WITH PAIN. I SCREAMED IN FEAR AND JAMMED MY FOOT DOWN ON THE BRAKE. THE CAR SKIDDED TO A STOP.....



THIS
WAS THE
FLIPSIDE
OF A BLOW JOB
IT WAS AS IF A GIANT
ALIEN CREATURE
HAD ATTACKED MY
GENITALS

HER
TEETH
WERE LIKE
A PIRANHA'S.
SHE BIT DOWN ON
THE TIP OF
MY COCK, DIGGING
HER FINGERNAILS
INTO MY
TESTICLES.

SHE RAMMED
A FINGER UP MY
ASS AND I HOWLED IN
AGONY "STOP IT!
LET ME GO!"



THEN I FELT MYSELF COMING

A HUGE WRENCHING ORGASM



REMEMBER ME!

THE NEXT NIGHT I WENT AS USUAL TO THE VARSITY.



"SHE WENT TO HER BROTHERS' PLACE LATE LAST NIGHT...."



...AND FOUND HIS LOADED REVOLVER,



SHE STUCK THE BARREL IN HER MOUTH



AND BLEW HERSELF AWAY!"





I HAD A
MEGA-
BUMMER
BACK
IN 1974
WHEN I
WAS LIVING
IN MOSCOW,
IDAHO.

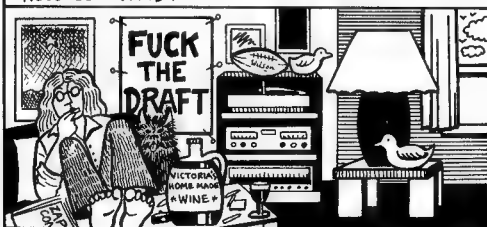
I WAS MARRIED WITH NO KIDS
AND WORKED AS A BOUNCER AT THE
Garden Lounge, A BUSY WHISKEY BAR IN THE MOSCOW HOTEL.



I WAS A FORMER MEMBER OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO VARSITY FOOTBALL
TEAM AND I LIKED GETTING STONED...
... A LOT.



ANYWAY, ONE AFTERNOON I DROPPED SOME ACID
(PURPLE MICRODOT) AND SAT SMOKING POT UNTIL MY
NOSE GOT NUMB.



I DECIDED TO TAKE A
WALK AND GET OUT
AMONG 'EM.



I WENT DOWNTOWN AND CHANCED
UPON SOME FRIENDS.



WE WENT DOWN IN THE BASEMENT AND
I REALLY GOT INTO IT AND WOUND
UP DOING MOST OF THE WORK



SUDDENLY, THE DRAIN **UNCLOGGED!** A PLUG-OF SHIT and HAIR BROKE LOOSE SPEWING A **GEYSER OF STINKING CRAP** ALL OVER MY HEAD and SHOULDERS.



THIS HAPPENED WHILE I WAS BEGINNING TO PEAK ON THE ACID SO I GAVE IT A **GREAT DEAL OF THOUGHT.**



THEN THE PHONE RANG. IT WAS FOR ME.



I'VE BEEN CALLING ALL OVER TOWN FOR YOU!! **YOUR WIFE'S IN TH' HOSPITAL!**

I BORROWED A CAR BECAUSE THE HOSPITAL WAS TEN MILES AWAY. BY **THIS TIME** I WAS HEARING **SATANIC LAUGHTER** AND SEEING **STRANGE LITTLE CRITTERS** IN NOOKS and CRANNIES.



I FOUND MY WIFE IN THE **EMERGENCY WARD** WITH TUBES IN HER ARMS and NOSTRILS

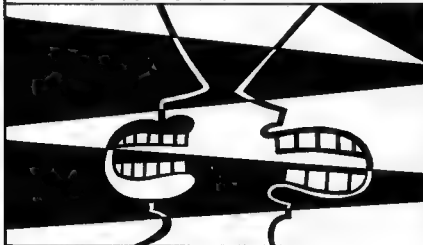


I HAD A **TUBULAR** ^{§sob§} **PREGNANCY** and IT RUPTURED... I DIDN'T EVEN **KNOW...** I ALMOST DIED...

^{§sob§} **PROMISE YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE ME!!** ^{§sob§} **PROMISE!**

I **PROMISE!**

WE'D BEEN QUARRELING A LOT AND TALKING ABOUT **DIVORCE** IN RECENT WEEKS



BUT OF COURSE I PROMISED AND KNEW IT WAS A **LIE** THE MOMENT I SAID IT.



IT WAS NEARLY TIME FOR ME TO GO TO WORK AT THE Garden Lounge, SO I DROVE BACK TO MOSCOW REEKING OF EAU D'EXCREMENT



I WAS STILL BUZZED SO I HAD A COUPLE OF @ "GROUPIE SPECIALS" TO TAKE THE EDGE OFF



③ COCA-COLA and CHIVAS REGAL - THE DRINK MADE FAMOUS BY THE BEATLES

NEXT I SET IN NEAR THE DOOR TO CHECK I.D.S

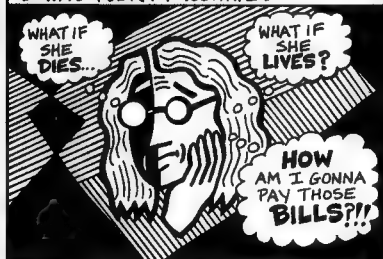


I WAS PLENTY WORRIED

WHAT IF SHE DIES...

WHAT IF SHE LIVES?

HOW AM I GONNA PAY THOSE BILLS?!!



I COULD TELL I WAS STILL VERY STONED, TOO. ALL THE CUSTOMERS LOOKED VERY BIZARRE TO ME LIKE THE CHARACTERS IN THE FILM, "FELLINI'S SATYRICON"



THEN CAME THE WORD FROM THE BARMAID: A GROUP OF UNDERAGE STUDENTS WERE IN THE BAR.



OH, DENNY..... SOME KIDS JUST SNUCK IN DOWN-STAIRS!

I WENT DOWNSTAIRS AND CHECKED 'EM FOR I.D.S. THEY DIDN'T HAVE ANY SO I ASKED THEM TO LEAVE



NORMALLY, THAT WAS ALL IT TOOK BUT THIS TIME ONE OF THE YOUNG STUFS TOOK EXCEPTION AND FOLLOWED ME UPSTAIRS



HEY MAN,... THIS IS BULLSHIT!

I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THE GUY. HE WAS **BIGGER** THAN ME, LOOKED AND ACTED LIKE A FRESHMAN FOOTBALL PLAYER AND WAS IN **TREMENDOUS PHYSICAL CONDITION**



PLUS HE WAS ALL WIRED UP ON **BOOZE and DRUGS**



THE LONGER I ARGUED WITH HIM THE MORE HE REMINDED ME OF SOMEONE...



THEN IT HIT ME. HE REMINDED ME OF MYSELF.



I REMEMBERED ALL THE **CRAZY** ULTRAVIOLENT THINGS I'D DONE AND THOUGHT OF ALL THE TIMES I'D BEATEN BOUNCERS SENSELESS IN MY FORMATIVE YEARS BEFORE I'D DISCOVERED DRUGS.



I WAS DEALING WITH A YOUNGER, POTENTIALLY MORE HOSTILE VERSION OF MYSELF. I WANTED TO TELL MY "**YOUNGER SELF**" TO NOT GO OFF HALF COCKED and F**UCK** THINGS UP.



I ALSO WANTED TO GET MY "**YOUNGER SELF**" OUT THE DOOR BEFORE HE **KILLED ME!**



I JUST COULDN'T REASON WITH HIM AND MY KNEES BEGAN TO SHAKE. FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I WASN'T SURE OF MY PROWESS IN A ONE-ON-ONE SITUATION, PLUS WITH ALL THAT LSD STILL IN MY SYSTEM, I WAS HALLUCINATING MY FEATURES ON MY "YOUNGER SELF'S" FACE. I WAS FRIGHTENED TO THE CORE.



AFRAID OF MYSELF



THAT'S A HORRIBLE FEELING

A BARMAID NAMED KATIE HAD BEEN WATCHING MY PLIGHT



SHE KNEW HOW TO HANDLE MY "YOUNGER SELF"



YOU KNOW
YOU CAN'T
STAY
WITHOUT AN
I.D.



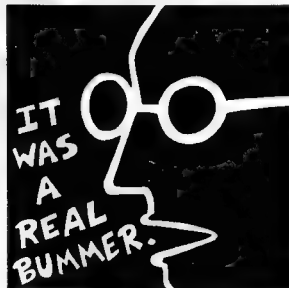
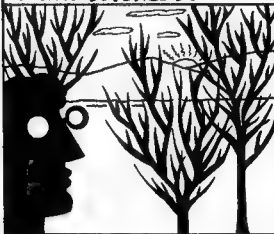
COME BACK
WHEN YOU'RE
OLD ENOUGH
AND I'LL BUY YA
A PITCHER
OF BEER!

THAT DID IT. I WAS SAYING THE SAME THINGS BUT MY "YOUNGER SELF" WOULD NEVER PUNCH OUT AN ATTRACTIVE, PETITE WOMAN, ESPECIALLY IF THERE WAS A CHANCE HE MIGHT GET TO FUCK HER SOMEDAY.

THE YOUNG STUD LEFT. I HAD EIGHT OR TEN MORE "GROUPE SPECIALS" TO CALM MY SHATTERED NERVES



I FEW DAYS LATER I QUIT MY JOB. WITHIN MONTHS, I WAS DIVORCED.



IT WAS
A
REAL
BUMMER.

A True Tale of Lust, Greed, and Murder

CLOSE CALL

STORY BY DENNIS P. EICHORN • ILLUSTRATED BY MARK ZINGARELLI



ONCE MANAGED A TAVERN • RESTAURANT • POOL ROOM NEAR SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA. CAPITOLA JOE'S WAS LOCATED RIGHT NEXT TO THE PUBLIC BEACH, AND A WIDE VARIETY OF PEOPLE PASSED THROUGH OUR DOORS.



AT THAT TIME, SANTA CRUZ WAS THE **MURDER CAPITAL** OF CALIFORNIA. DOZENS OF YOUNG WOMEN HAD **DISAPPEARED**, AND A FEW **HORRIBLY MUTILATED BODIES** HAD BEEN FOUND IN NEARBY WOODS... **POSTERS** OF MISSING WOMEN PLASTERED POLES EVERYWHERE.

WORKING IN THE **BUSY** HANGOUT WAS A LOT OF FUN. I ORGANIZED POOL TOURNAMENTS, SPAGHETTI FEEDS AND THE NIGHTLY ENTERTAINMENT.



ALL YOU CAN EAT, MAN!

SOOO, DENNY...WHEN DO YOU GET OFF WORK?



BECAUSE THE BARTENDER IS **ALWAYS** ON. I GOT LAID A LOT. THERE WERE **PLENTY** OF **FREE DRUGS AND DRINKS**. I LIVED OUT **ALL** OF MY MIDDLE-CLASS IDOL FANTASIES AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

A YOUNG WOMAN CAME IN **EVERYDAY** ABOUT NOON FOR A BEER. THEN SHE'D BUY A 6-PACK AND WALK OVER TO THE BEACH FOR A FEW HOURS. LATER, SHE'D RETURN WITH A **MALE** COMPANION...USUALLY MIDDLE AGED. THEY'D HAVE A FEW BEERS TOGETHER, THEN THEY'D BUY A 6-PACK AND LEAVE. SOMETIMES SHE'D **WINK** AT ME.



IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO FIGURE OUT THAT SHE WAS A **HOOVER**...



HE ALSO NOTICED THAT THE DAYTIME HOOKER HAD A COUPLE OF FRIENDS, TWO BROTHERS WHO OPERATED A **HEAD SHOP** DOWN THE BEACH SOME- TIMES JOINED HER AT NOON FOR BEER.

THERE WERE OTHER REGULAR CUSTOMERS, OF COURSE, ONE WAS A **FOOD DISTRIBUTOR** NAMED **JIMMY**.



ONE DAY, JIMMY ASKED ME IF I'D LIKE SOME **FREE CANDY**. WHEN I ASKED WHAT KIND, HE EXPLAINED THAT HE HAD **800 POUNDS** OF STALE **RUSSELL STOVER MINTS** OUT IN HIS VAN. HE WAS ABOUT TO HAUL IT ALL TO THE **DUMP**.



JIMMY DROVE TO MY APARTMENT, AND I LINED ONE WHOLE WALL WITH ALL 400 2-POUND BOXES. IT WAS NICE.



AND A FEW DAYS LATER, THE HOOKER STRUCK UP A CONVERSATION WITH ME...



SOON AFTER I LINED MY APARTMENT WALL WITH CANDY, THE INEVITABLE HAPPENED. LINDA AND I BOUGHT A SIX PACK TO GO AND WENT TO MY PLACE.



WHEN SHE SAW THE "WALL OF CANDY" SHE WAS **OVERJOYED**.



I LOVE RUSSELL STOVER MINTS!

GO AHEAD... TAKE SOME...



REALLY? HOW MUCH CAN I HAVE?

I WANT IT ALL, THEN.



NOW I HADN'T EXPECTED THAT, BUT I WENT ALONG WITH IT. WE CARRIED ALL 400 BOXES OUT TO HER CAR AND LOADED IT IN.



THERE WAS JUST ENOUGH ROOM FOR LINDA TO DRIVE...



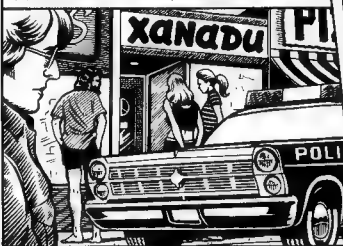
COME ON OVER TO MY TRAILER HOUSE... WE'LL HAVE A PARTY!

NO THANKS... I HAVE TO GO BACK TO WORK IN AWHILE ANYHOW.



CHRIST! WHAT A GREEDY BITCH!

SEVERAL MONTHS AFTER LINDA HAD TAKEN THE CANDY, THE POLICE ARRESTED HER FRIENDS, THE TWO BROTHERS WHO RAN THE **HEAD SHOP** DOWN THE BEACH. THEY WERE **CHARGED** WITH THE **MURDERS** OF MANY YOUNG WOMEN.



THE INVESTIGATION SPREAD AND ONE OF THE BROTHERS TURNED **STATE'S EVIDENCE**. HE BEGAN TO **TALK**... **OTHERS** WERE IMPLICATED...



...AND LINDA WAS EVENTUALLY ARRESTED AS AN **ACCOMPLICE**.

THE POLICE SEARCHED LINDA'S TRAILER HOUSE. THEY FOUND **MONEY, DRUGS, AND SOME PERSONAL EFFECTS OF THE VICTIMS**.



THEN THEY DUG UP THE GROUND BENEATH THE TRAILER!



THE POLICE FOUND **BODIES** UNDER THERE! BUT **NOT** THE CORPSES OF **MORE WOMEN**... INSTEAD, THEY UNCOVERED THE BODIES OF **FOUR MIDDLE-AGED MEN**!



IT CAME OUT THAT THE TWO BROTHERS HAD HELPED HER TO **BURN** THEM, AND SHE IN TURN HELPED THEM TO FIND YOUNG RUNAWAYS TO **TORTURE AND MURDER**... THEY WERE FOUND TO BE **SATANISTS**.



THE POLICE COULD UNDERSTAND **THAT**, BUT THEY WERE **REALLY** PUZZLED BY SOMETHING ELSE.



END

ROGUES' GALLERY

PETER BAGGE

is featured regularly in his own quarterly comic book *Hate* (Fantagraphics Books, \$2.50 for a sample). While his *Neat Stuff* work is for the most part out of print, much of it has been collected in three books: *The Bradleys*, *Studs Kirby: "The Voice of America,"* and the just-released *Junior and Other Losers* (Fantagraphics Books, various prices). Pete's issues of *Weirdo* remain in print from Last Gasp, and you can also check out his interview with the legendary Aline Kominsky-Crumb in the current issue of *The Comics Journal*. Peter Bagge lives in Seattle.

MICHAEL DOUGAN

Another *Weirdo* graduate, Dougan appears in alternative weeklies across the country with his *Tales of East Texas* strip. Some of his earlier work has been collected into *East Texas*, and Penguin Books will be publishing his next collection in 1991. Michael Dougan lives in Seattle.

MARY FLEENER

A member of the latest generation of underground cartoonists, Mary Fleener has honed her skill through appearances in every major and minor underground of the last several years. Her first solo comic, *Slutburger Stories* (Rip Off Press, \$3.00 for a sample), was released last year, and will be followed by a second one in 1991. Mary Fleener lives in San Francisco.

CAREL MOISEIWITSCH

Carel Moiseiwitsch is primarily a fine artist, but her occasional forays into comics (often at the instigation of Peter Bagge) were collected in 1989 in *Flashmarks* (Fantagraphics Books, \$3.50 for a sample). Her work continues to appear sporadically in such magazines as *Drawn & Quarterly*.

HARVEY PEKAR

Now that he's no longer being distracted by appearances on *Late Night With David Letterman*, the acknowledged godfather of the slice-of-life autobiographical comics story continues to crank out one issue a year of *American Splendor* (Harvey Pekar, \$4.50 for a sample). His two collections, *American Splendor* and *More American Splendor*, may or may not be available from Doubleday. His residence (Cleveland) is by now a matter of folk history.

HOLLY TUTTLE

Holly Tuttle's work appears sporadically in various Northwestern papers.

JIM WOODRING

Jim Woodring has just put to rest, with its fourth issue, his magazine *Jim*, a mixture of comics, short stories, and fake ads (Fantagraphics Books, \$3.00 for a sample). He lives in Seattle, where he continues to cartoon.

MARK ZINGARELLI

With *Eatin' Out With Eddie*, Mark Zingarelli became the only known food critic to ply his trade via cartoons. *Real Life* (Fantagraphics Books, \$3.00 for a sample) collects most of Zingarelli's too-rare non-food comics stories.

AMERICAN SPLENDOR, PO Box 21694, Cleveland Heights, OH 44118.
FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS, 7563 Lake City Way, Seattle, WA 98115
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NORTHWEST EXTRA!

A TALE FROM
THE FILES OF



DENNIS P. EICHHORN^{©90}
& MICHAEL DOUGAN

KNOCK KNOCK!?

